

## The Rice Belt Journal.

J. T. WALKER, Publisher.

WELSH, - - LOUISIANA

There is a sweeping movement on foot to organize a broom trust.

The sultan has again promised to be good. It's a way the sultan has.

Think as kindly as you can of the mosquitoes. They work while you sleep.

Germany is beginning to think the auto invasion worse than the American invasion.

Lucky is the Chinese diplomat who comes to this country. It is not only more sociable, but safer.

As the late Horace Biglow would say, the underpinning of Venice is pretty considerable out of joint.

Some persons might think that eating fifty ears of green corn was about as pleasant a way to die as any.

Prof. Schenk will always be remembered as the man who thought he was posted on the whims of the stork.

A noiseless mosquito is no improvement on the other kind. It leaves him too much time for actual business.

How many loving wives will envy Mrs. John R. Drexel her birthday gift of a check for \$200,000 from her husband.

King Edward has confounded the soothsayers, and that's not a small job, even for a man who weighs 250 pounds.

The Chicago discovery that the color yellow scares away mosquitoes won't help women to whom yellow is not becoming.

Grand Duke Boris says Chicago is big and ugly, but good-hearted. The same thing may be said of John L. Sullivan.

J. Pierpont Morgan, it is said, refuses to "tip" hotel waiters. This is another of the advantages of being all-powerful.

The work of amassing a fortune of \$18,000,000, cost Mr. Schwab his health, and it was not very hard work either.

When last heard from the crown prince of Germany was beginning to eat solids and cast shy glances at other girls again.

W. C. Mead refused a drink and was shot by the genial gentleman who offered to treat him. This did not happen in Texas.

As the Chinese rebels are being executed at the rate of 1,000 a day, it is predicted that the rebellion will not last more than a year.

The world at large hangs very little crane on its door for the scorchobol who parts company with life at an 80-miles an hour gait.

The man who tied dynamite to his sick dog and lost his house when the animal wagged his tail has by this time learned that cruelty does not pay.

There are 600,000 Jews in New York, according to The Jewish World. That city can now present a pretty strong claim to being the New Jerusalem.

If the United States mail is determined to suppress lotteries, they should suppress the mail. The average man's mail is a whole lot of lottery to him.

A Boston landlord who tried to collect his rent in kisses from a pretty widow was fined \$25. There are some freakish landlords and peculiar widows in Boston.

As a result of an automobile accident Sir Thomas Lipton received a shock. But it didn't trouble him. He is used to shocks. He received a few in the yacht races.

Mr. Schwab leaves his home in a private car, but just now he no doubt would be glad to trade places with a man of sound nerves going to a picnic behind a team of mules.

All other theories regarding the suicide of young Remington may be disregarded since the fact became known that his last act before the shooting was an experience with a telephone.

If the crown prince of Siam has read what the newspapers have been saying about the crown prince of Germany he may think a second time before venturing into the American girl's country.

A great many young women in England are gaining social prominence by being reported engaged to Lord Kitchener, but the hero of the South African war appears to be successfully conducting his famous skirmish line tactics.

A Kentucky girl who has had 150 offers of marriage has decided to remain single and devote her life to music. When she gets on the stage, however, she will probably cease to regard marriage as a thing to be much dreaded.

## THREE WISHES

An infant in its cradle slept,  
And in its sleep it smiled—  
And one by one three wishes knelt  
To kiss the fair-haired child;  
And each thought of the days to be  
And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,  
But knew love's toll and care;  
Its burdens oft had been to her  
A heavy weight to bear.  
She stooped and murmured lovingly:  
"Not hardened hands, dear child, for thee."

One had not known the burdened hands,  
But knew the empty heart;  
At life's rich banquet she had sat,  
An unfed guest, apart.  
"Oh, not," she whispered, tenderly,  
"An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old; she had known care,  
She had known loneliness;  
She knew God leads us by no path  
His presence cannot bless.  
She smiled and murmured, trustfully:  
"God's will, God's will, dear child, for thee."

## On the Turnpike.

BY H. B. MARRINER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) Tinsley, the tollgate keeper, leaned his long frame heavily upon the top rail of the worm fence and watched the efforts of a young man in the bottom pasture across the road to capture a large sorrel colt which did not court capture.

The young man, Tinsley noted with an inward chuckle, had about reached that stage of desperation wherein man meditates the capture of a horse with some convenient brick.

Tinsley did not like the young man who desired the horse. On general principles he disliked every young man who owned a horse, and it might be further stated that his dislike extended to every young man in the vicinity of the tollgate, whether he possessed a horse or not, though from the nature of his profession Tinsley was more familiar with the former class.

It wasn't Nettie Tinsley's fault exactly, this attitude of her parent's, although ever since his advent into Kentucky, Tinsley had watched with growing concern and perplexity the development of his eldest daughter from a red-headed, sun-tanned East Tennessee child into a young woman of undeniable beauty, who sat on the porch of the tollhouse in the evenings and played softly upon an old guitar left in the stable by some unknown possessor.

The number of saddle horses at his hitching rack had grown steadily through the summer, and Tinsley was more than ever involved in the difficult solution of the problem. He wished even more fervently than he had ever wished that his wife had lived to see her eldest daughter grow into a woman.

Incivility to the visitors was, of course, in a Tennesseean, absolutely out of the question.

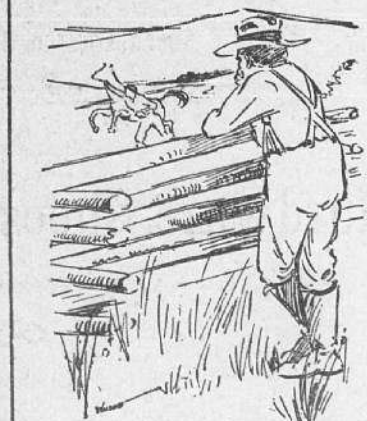
Argument with Nettie, Tinsley felt, with a world of bitter experience to back his view, would be worse than useless, and might, probably would, precipitate what he feared most.

Altogether Tinsley was in what he termed a "fix."

The row of horses which ordinarily fought and pawed about the old hitching rack had gradually grown less in number as the year progressed, and with the first frosts which sweetened the wild grapes and crowded the bitterness from the soft pink-brown persimmons there was but one horse which spent much of its time at the rack—a big sorrel colt, which Tinsley had begun to look upon with hatred.

This change did not, however, impress Tinsley with especial joy. He did not look upon it as indicative of growing unpopularity of his daughter. He wished it was.

Tinsley greeted Will Dexter on the road much as he might anyone else. He staid away from home as much as possible and despised himself for it. When Judge Dexter passed in his buggy driving the long-legged and much-coveted Criterion mare, which was his especial favorite, Tinsley would reflect bitterly upon social conditions, and



• • Leaned upon the top rail of the worm fence.

would momentarily resolve to break up the dangerous friendship between his daughter and the son of the judge, even if he had to kill somebody.

The weeks and months drifted on, until one eventful day in September, and when Tinsley, sore in body and wearied in mind, lumbered into the stable yard on his rattling pole wagon, there was no one on duty at the gate.

The three children were playing

"store" in the kitchen, and his eldest daughter was nowhere to be seen. "Where's your sister?" he demanded of the busy children, a great fear tugging at his heart.

"The's done dwivin' wif Mithter Dexter, papa," replied the largest infant. "The told me to tell you the'd done to town an' to tell you dood-bye. Don't you want to buy thomethin', papa?"

But Tinsley was tearing open the drawers in his daughter's room. It was plain that she had gone. What he had feared for so long had come to pass. Nettie had run away with young Dexter, and it was plain from the depletion of her scanty wardrobe that she did not contemplate a speedy return.

Something in Tinsley's head seemed to break. He was no longer a slouch-



"And, say, Tinsley, do you ever—" "ing stoop-shouldered, shiftless tollgate keeper, but a man whose child was in danger.

His shoulders straightened, his face hardened into lines of resolution, and the top of his throat closed with a vicious jerk.

Snatching his long, black revolver from the mantel shelf, he burst through the kitchen, leaving the door ajar and the children wailing in affright.

Throwing a saddle upon the huge roan horse in the box stall, he whirled the excited animal into the pike and disappeared over the hill with a flurry of gray dust and a crackling of hoofs.

Meanwhile the red-wheeled buggy behind a big sorrel colt was whirling along several miles ahead, bearing a square-jawed young man in a slouch hat and a frightened girl, whose glorious hair, broken loose from its fastenings, streamed behind her like a burst of flame.

"Oh, Will," she exclaimed, clinging to his arm, "I'm so afraid. Suppose your father sees us. What will he say?"

"He'll say a good deal," he replied, grimly. "He always does. But don't be worried, Nettie girl. We'll get to Dr. Williams' before they ever dream of looking for us and then—"

He bent over and kissed her cold, white cheek.

Just at this moment, around a sharp bend in the road, appeared a vision calculated to make even a stout heart quail, and Will Dexter's face grew white as that of the girl beside him.

Swiftly approaching was the judge himself. The broad Panama hat, and the fringe of gray whiskers behind the bobbing ears of the famous Criterion mare were unmistakable.

"Where are you going?" demanded the judge, blocking the road squarely by reining his buggy diagonally across it. "And who the devil may this be with you?"

Young Dexter placed his arm about the shrinking girl.

"Please be careful of your language, sir," he said, eying his father steadily. "This is the girl I am to marry. We are on the way now."

The face of the judge turned from crimson to an apoplectic purple.

"The devil you are!" he sputtered furiously. "Turn that horse around and go home!"

"I will not. Get out of the road!"

The judge came near dying. Was this his son who was speaking to him?

"Did you hear me?" he demanded with a look his son had never before seen. "Turn that horse around or—"

With a spasm of pain, yet with rigid Spartan determination the judge drew from his pocket a gleaming revolver.

"Turn that horse back—"

Will Dexter leaped from the buggy, his eyes ablaze, his hands closing and opening in fury.

There was the sound of galloping hoofs, the snort and foam of a frenzied horse and Tinsley, alert, straight, savage and determined, leaped to the ground before his horse stopped running and alighted in the center of disturbance, pistol in hand.

"Turn about!" he commanded, indicating the way with his vicious-appearing weapon. "And move fast." The judge's presence was completely ignored.

The judge almost exploded with amazement and wrath.

"Who are you speaking to?" he demanded. "Did I understand you to order my son, my son, to go back?"

"I did," responded the now infuriated Tinsley, "if that low-lived cur is a son of yours."

The judge lashed his mare to one side.

"Drive on there, Will," he exclaimed furiously. "My son takes orders from no one but me. When you are married come home. Go!"

Young Dexter leaped into the buggy and slashed the colt with his whip. The animal leaped forward, threw one of its wide-spread fore feet through a wheel of the judge's buggy and fell writhing and struggling with a broken leg.

Instantly Tinsley was himself once more. Ignoring the gleaming weapon of the judge pointed at him, with its owner's savage gaze glancing along the polished barrel, he raised his own weapon.

There was a flat, crashing report, a scream from the girl, and the pain-maddened horse fell limply with a heavy bullet through its tossing head.

"Goddemighty!" exclaimed the judge, dropping his pistol into the road. "Mr. Tinsley, you're a man—a man damn you! Do you understand? Another half second and I'd have plugged you, and you knew it. I should have done it myself."

"Here, you, Will, take this rig and go on! Don't stand about like a fool with your mouth open!"

"When I see a man I guess I know it. Clear out."

The crunch of wheels and the rapid thud of hoofs died away and the judge blew his nose with explosive violence.

"Mr. Tinsley," he said, "I ask your pardon. I was wrong. Shall we let 'em go? Will you shake hands? That's right. And, say," the judge looked up and down the road, "do you ever—?" Tinsley did, occasionally.

## LIFE'S HARVEST.

They are mowing the meadows, now,  
And the whispering, sighing  
Song of the scythe breathes sweet on  
mine idle ear—  
Song of old summer dead, and of this  
one dying—  
Roses on roses fallen, and year on year.

Softly as swaths that sink while the  
long scythe, swinging,  
Passes and pauses and sweeps through  
the deep green grass;  
Strange how this song of the scythe sets  
the old days singing—  
Echoes of seasons gone, and of these  
that pass.

Fair ghost of Youth—from your sea-fragrant  
orchard—closes  
Called by the voice of the scythe as it  
sighs and swings—  
Tell me now as you toss me your phantom  
roses.

What was the dream you dreamed  
through those vagrant Springs?

What that forgotten air when the heart  
went maying  
What was the perfume blowing afar,  
anear?

"Youth — Youth — Youth" — the Scythe  
keeps sighing and saying—  
"The rose you saw not—the tune that  
you could not hear."  
—Rosamond Marriott Watson in *Harvest*.

## A Hospitable Heathen.

It was high noon, and Monday. Worse yet, it was the thirteenth day of the month. A knock was heard at the kitchen door of the Burns mansion. The Chinese servant opened the door. A tramp of long and varied experience accosted him.

"I've been traveling, and have played in mighty hard luck," observed the tramp. "I lost all of my money in an attempt to corner oats, and now I'm hungry; very, very hungry. Can't you please give me a little bite of something to eat?"

The Chinaman comprehended the situation at once. A benevolent, placid smile spread itself over his entire countenance.

"You like fish?" he asked of the tramp.

"Yes, I like fish first rate. That will do as well as anything."

"Come fliday," said the hospitable heathen.—*New York Times.*

## New Type of Steamship.

Consul J. C. Freeman writes from Copenhagen: "A company has been formed in this city for the construction of a trial steamship of a new type. The inventor is Capt. F. C. Ishoy, who has taken out patents in the principal countries. In this new form of steamer the screw is placed under the bottom instead of aft. The hull is materially changed in form, being flatter, and the ship's draft thereby considerably lessened. It is claimed that a saving in the consumption of coal of about 20 per cent will be effected. The inventor believes that with the same amount of fuel the speed will be greatly increased, and finally that this form of craft will be much steadier and more seaworthy."

## Made a Hit With Him.

"Yes, I saw Miss Rushmore last evening, and she struck me as—"

"Oh, yes, as being more beautiful than ever?"

"No. She struck me as I was trying to cross Fifth avenue in front of that big tonneau car she scorchers around in, but I can't say that it was her beauty that made the most impression on me when we met."



**Tracy and the Players**  
The Heroes of Crime.  
The spectacular crime of the century is to be well exploited in melodramas next season. Besides the play relating the experiences of the James boys in Missouri, there is to be another concerning the jail break of the Biddies in Pennsylvania, and third detailing the "beginning of the finish of the end" of Harry Tracy in Washington.  
One Tracy play is already in operation and has been since a week after the outlaw escaped from the penitentiary and began shooting sheriffs. It was originally done at the Third Avenue theater in Seattle, and it is recorded that when the outlaw killed a sheriff—in the drama, that is—the audience applauded. When he was himself wounded, it wept. When he loaded his gun it held its breath. When he dexterously separated a quid of tobacco from the plug and twirled his mustache, it gasped.  
The new Tracy plays will end with the death of the hero. He will die heroically in each of them with words of heroic character upon his pale lips. He will sink to the stage murmuring: "Alas! Is this the end of all my greatness? Zounds (he raises the fatal pistol shot to his head!) Goody Goody!"



Miss Maud Hoffman, who will be remembered for her good work in "David Garrick" when Mr. Willard produced that play in this country, will again seek the favor of American audiences this season. She is now to sail from England, with the intention of playing the entire season in America. What her repertoire will be has not been announced.

Marguerite (his girl!) Farewell! Goodbye (he fires)! Ouch! Alas! (he dies)."

James T. Powers.  
Mrs. Osborn has been negotiating with James T. Powers for the past week or so to play the leading comedy role in "The Understudy," to be produced at Mrs. Osborn's playhouse in October.

When seen by a Mirror man regarding this and other engagements for



the company, Lewis Hooper, manager for Mrs. Osborn, said: "We are negotiating with Mr. Powers, but the matter lies entirely in his hands. The only point of discussion is over the part he is to play. We are also in communication with Harry Woodruff, but he has not yet signed for any part. We have signed with Grayce Scott, Blanche Ring, now with "The Defender," and the Misses M. Von Denburgh, Mary O'Hagen, Alice Egan and Claudine Sharp. We are also negotiating with Amy Fonslund, the contralto. Our latest engagement is for the Hengler Sisters, who we feel certain will make a great hit."—*New Dramatic Mirror.*

Stuart Robson will begin his season in Brooklyn on Sept. 15. He will revive "The Comedy of Errors" and will give some performances of "The Henrietta." Clifford Leigh will play the part of one of the Dromios, and the others in the company will be Edwin Holt, Joseph P. Keene, Mrs. Edwin F. Mayo, Laura Thompson and Victoria Addison.